Francis Bacon's Heart

Peter David Smith

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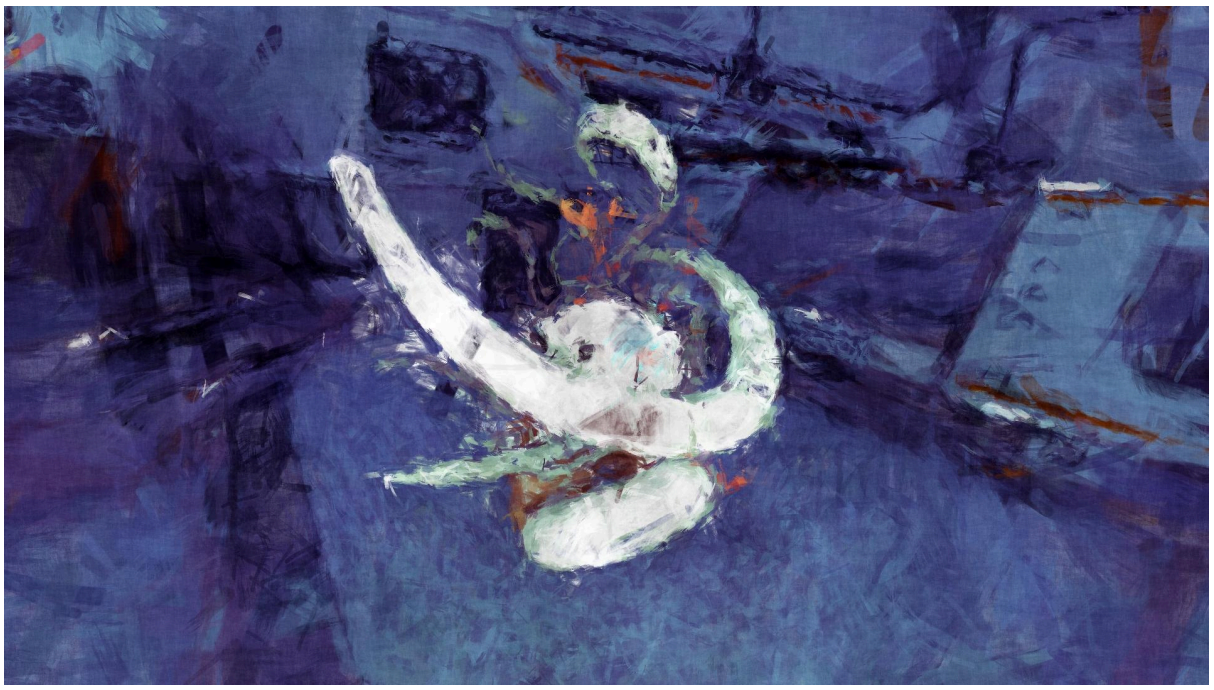
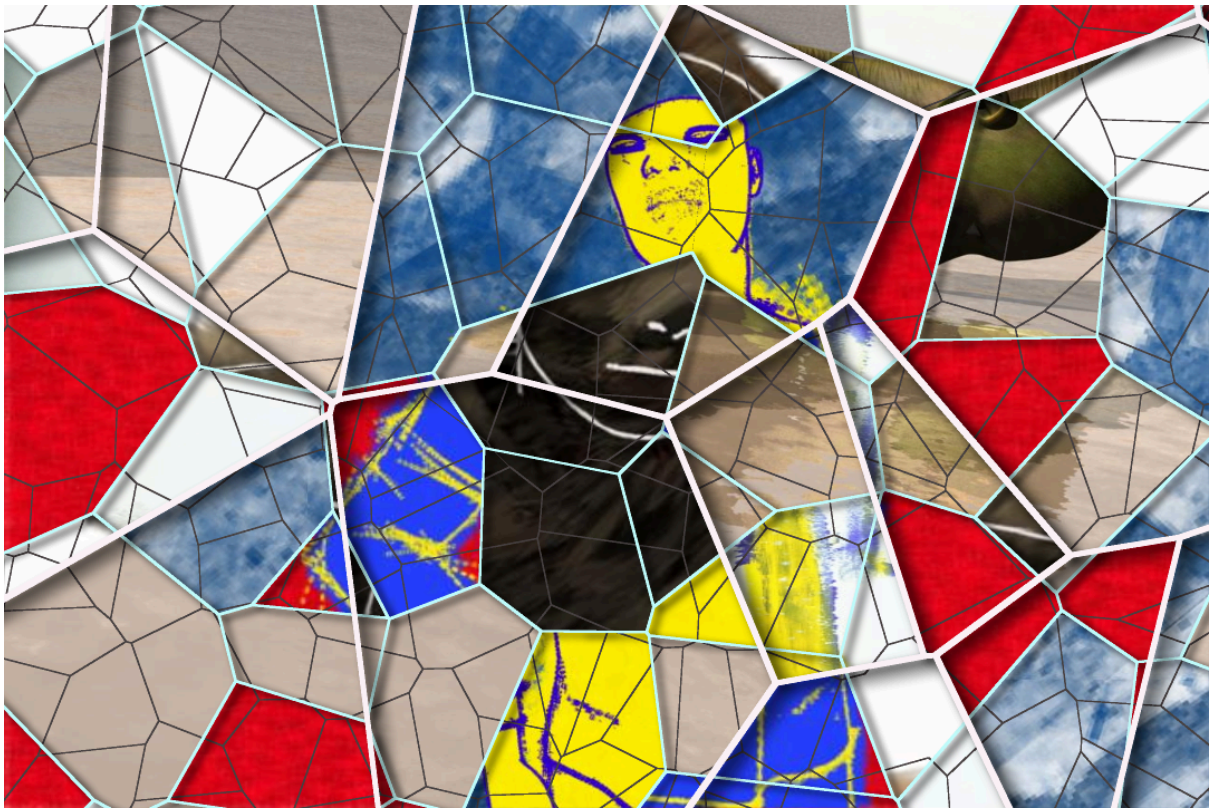


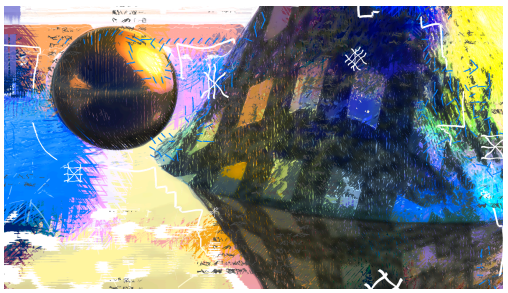
We're sending a rocket into the vast space between our opinions.

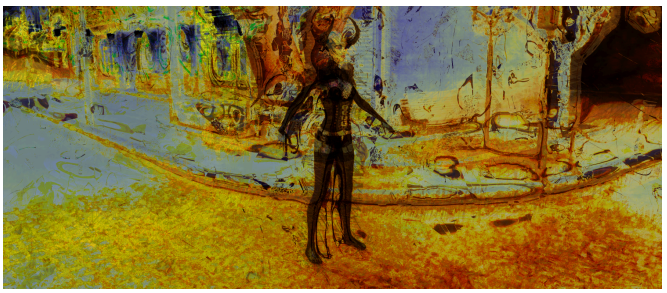
We're launching a space craft into the distance between human hearts and minds.

We're sinking a submersible deeper than anyone has ever explored into the human unconscious.



The human being is a strange creature whose ways and behaviour patterns are a product of the strange worlds in which the human creature lives.

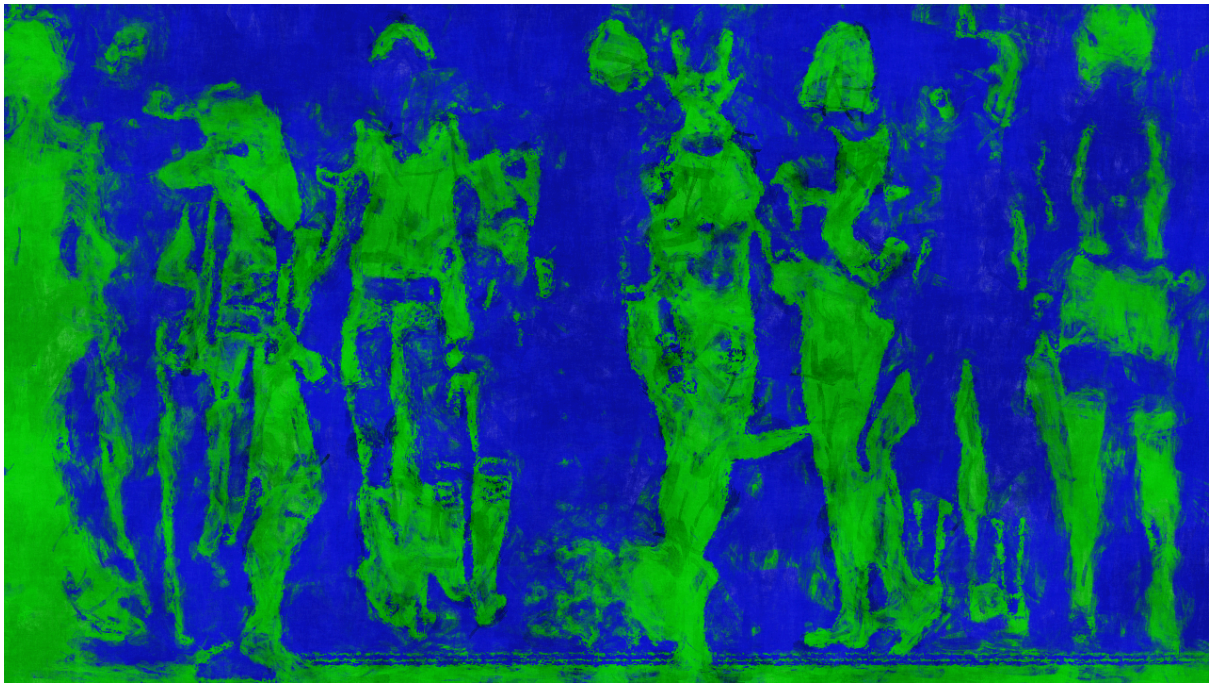


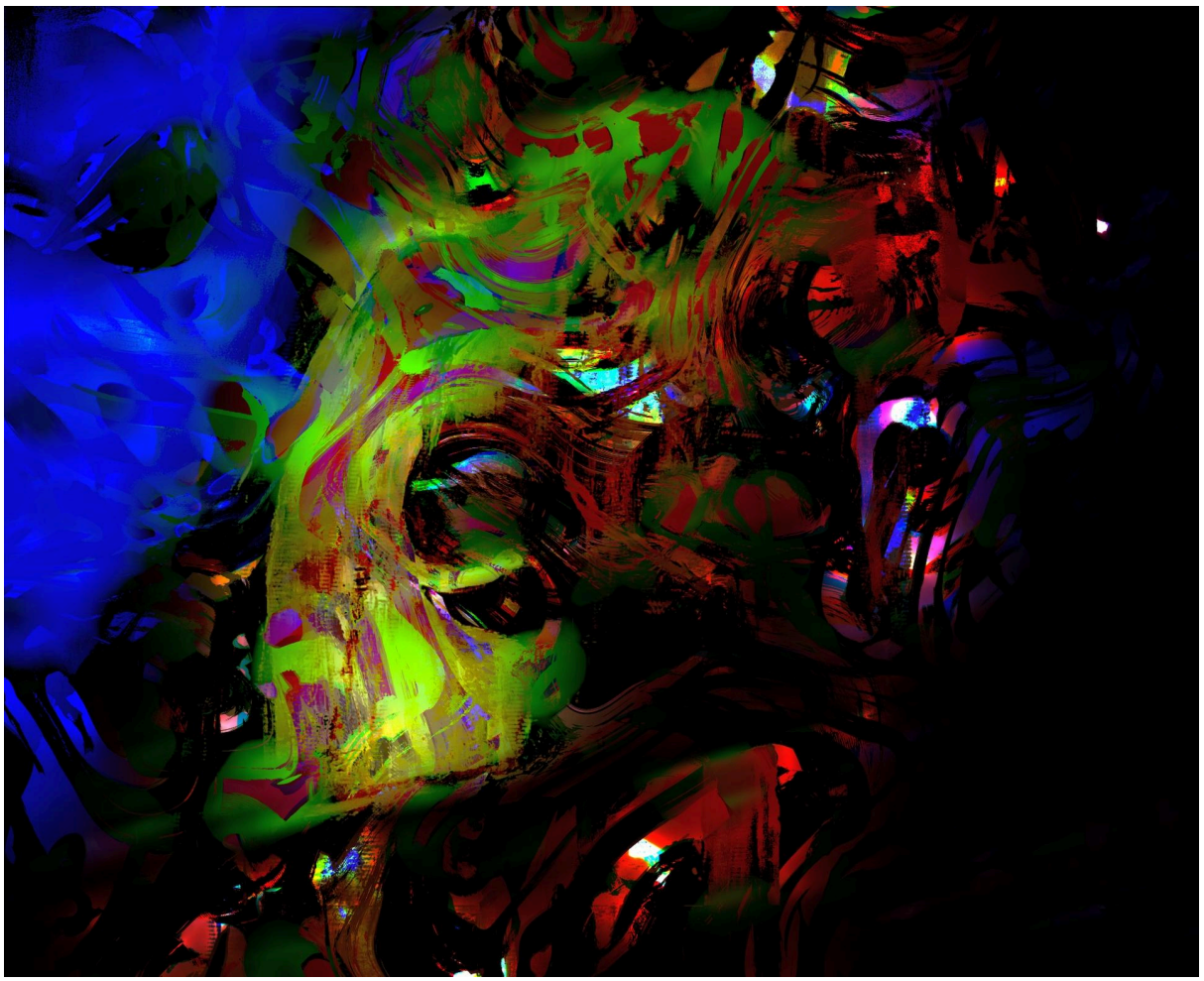


The inner land of the human psyche is a planet of robots and alien flora, exogenetic fauna, multidimensional spirits and time warped sea monsters.

The job of speculative writing is to navigate and explicate new worlds of human impulse.

One whole batch of human philosophers elected to encode the world as structures while another group, some of whom were the same people, maintained that they couldn't adopt such a high and mighty position, looking down upon those "structures" from Mount Olympus and so declared that the putative structuralism was a god, while they, themselves, were agnostic regarding that god.



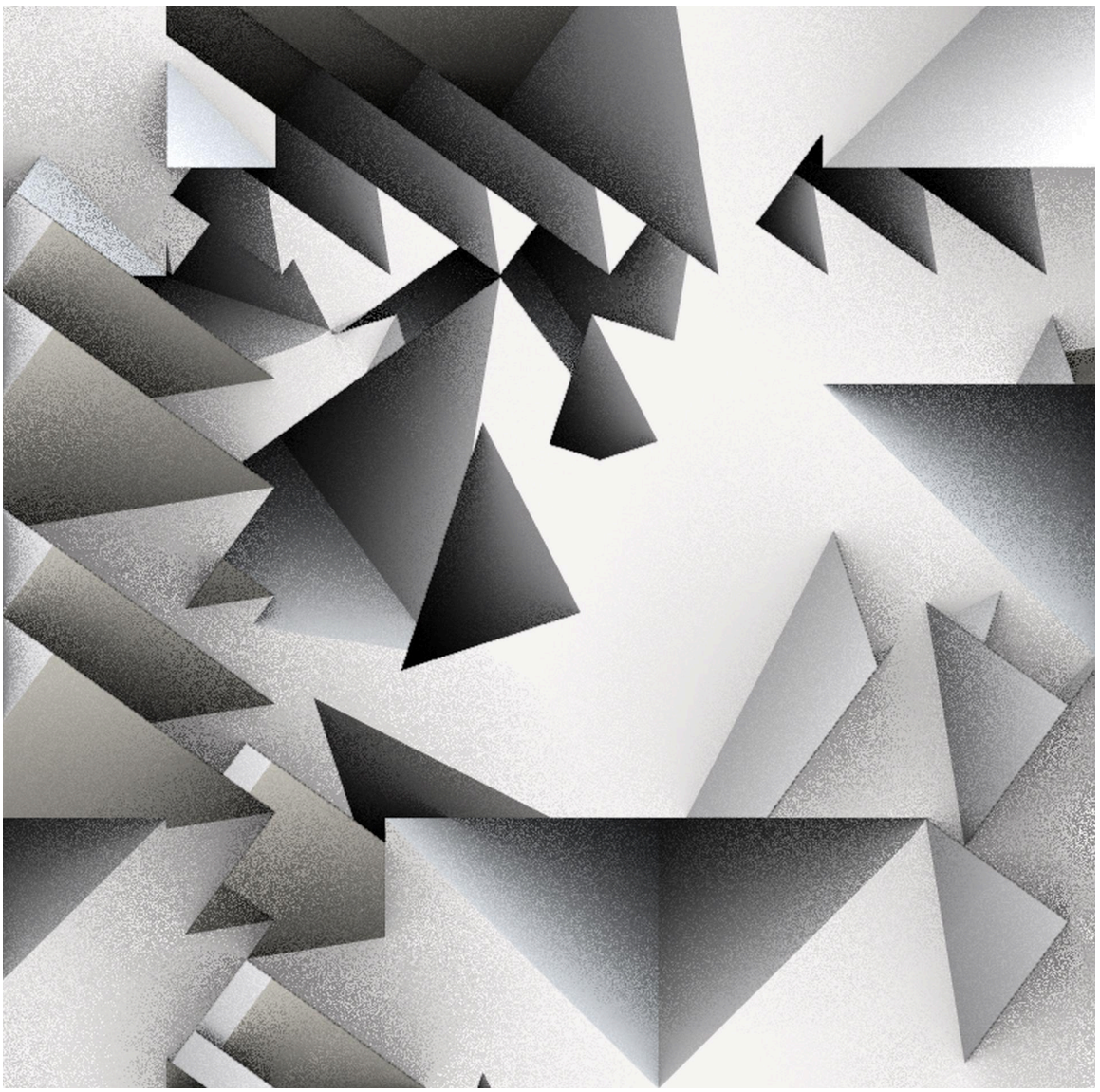


It's rather like looking nose-to-nose at an atom and failing to understand that matter is made of lots of these narratives which we choose to call "atoms".

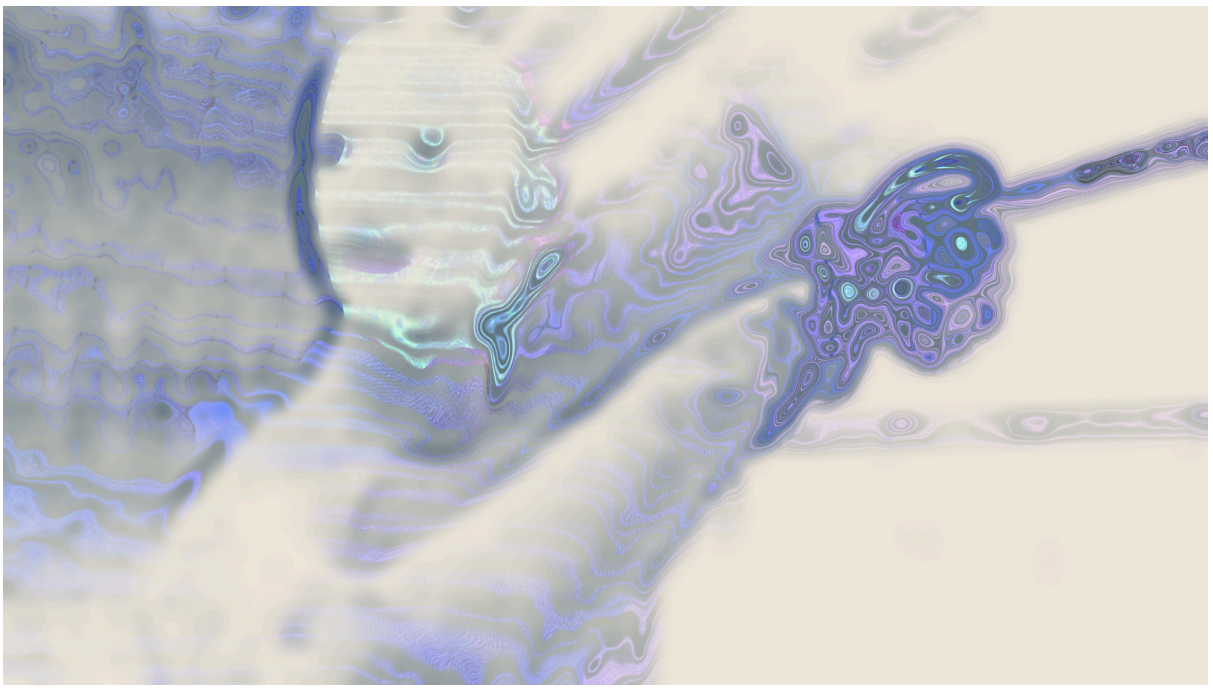
These are houses of dreams

The structure of the human intellect, when looked at nose-to-nose, in blurry close-up out of focus, is a triangular arrangement of logic, intuition and ego.

1. Logic. **IF** statements followed by **THEN** conclusions. An argument is sound if it is relevant to the situation and if all of its premises are actually true. Useful for understanding counter-intuitive information.
2. Intuition. Recognisable situations which need no thought. Drawing upon past experience and instinctive archetypes.
3. Ego. A free will position, able to make arbitrary choices informed by both logic and intuition but also by its irrational godlike position within the consciousness of the individual.

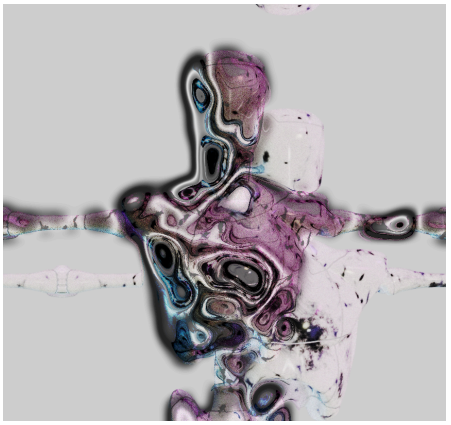


But when we step backwards and look at the intellect from a greater distance we can see that the structures are multiple and that there are a vast number of them. Some are stronger than others and some are more "actual" then others. Some are almost entirely "non-actual" or existing only in fictional state with a potential reality. The view of the structure as threefold is merely a simplest possible version of a potentially mind boggling complexity.



The other two "centres" of the psyche, that is the Human Physical and the Human Emotional are structured in the same way as the Human Intellectual, with vast numbers of multiple processes going on continually.

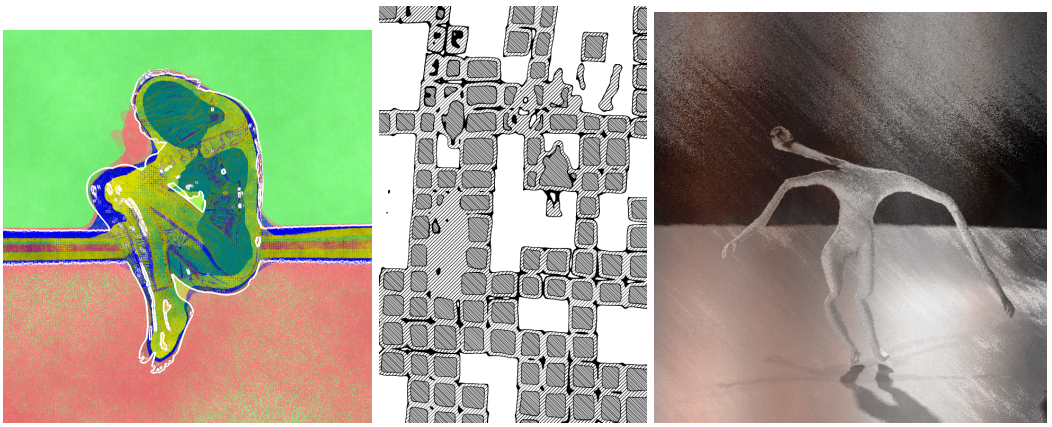
As cyber technology advances the inner continuum of the human soul and spirit becomes the battleground of warring nanotech machines using the cypher techniques of Francis Bacon and other, similar, encodings to deceive each other as they hack into the accumulated knowledge of the social environment's serial and parallel misinterpretations of itself.



The human body and mind are like a vast city of processes and always in need of methods to reverse entropy and obtain biological

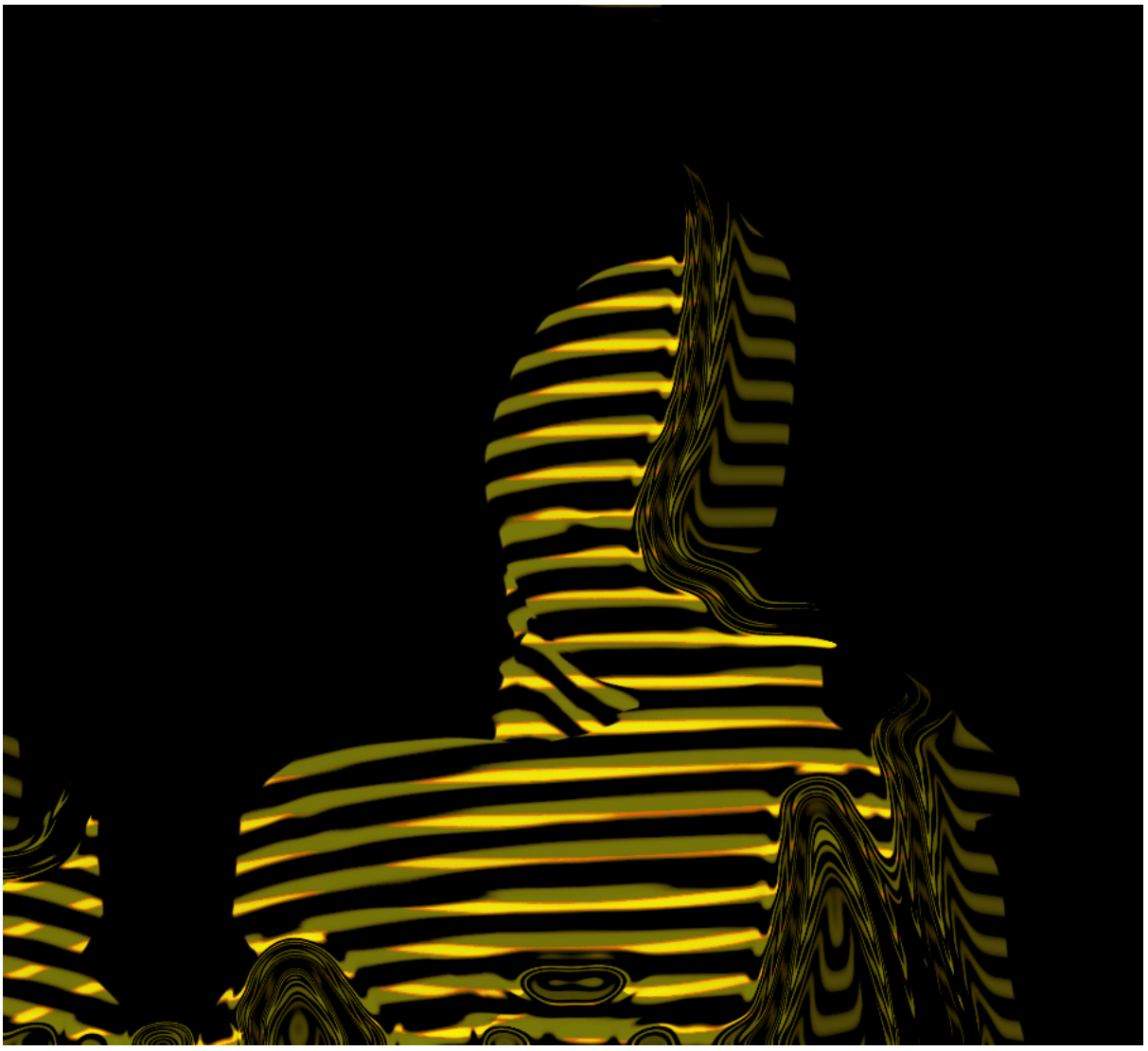
energy. Negentropy is the opposite of entropy according to Erwin Schrödinger's book ***What is Life?*** (1944).

In an imaginary Deleuze and Guattari Kama Sutra the desire machines are doing the work of reversing entropy. Kama machines making Karma. Desire making work which makes energy by using energy. Our internal **ego body**, **persona body** and **understanding body** are a group of strange freaks we construct for ourselves



The world of biological quantum negentropy is a carnival of distortions. Humans distort their own identity-selves and kabuki

personae to mutate in ways which achieve greater success at reversing entropy. This is a theatre of cruelty which tortures language. The codes and cyphers of Francis Bacon's heart are twisted and freaked in William S. Burroughs' "Carny" world of the interpersonal spaces.

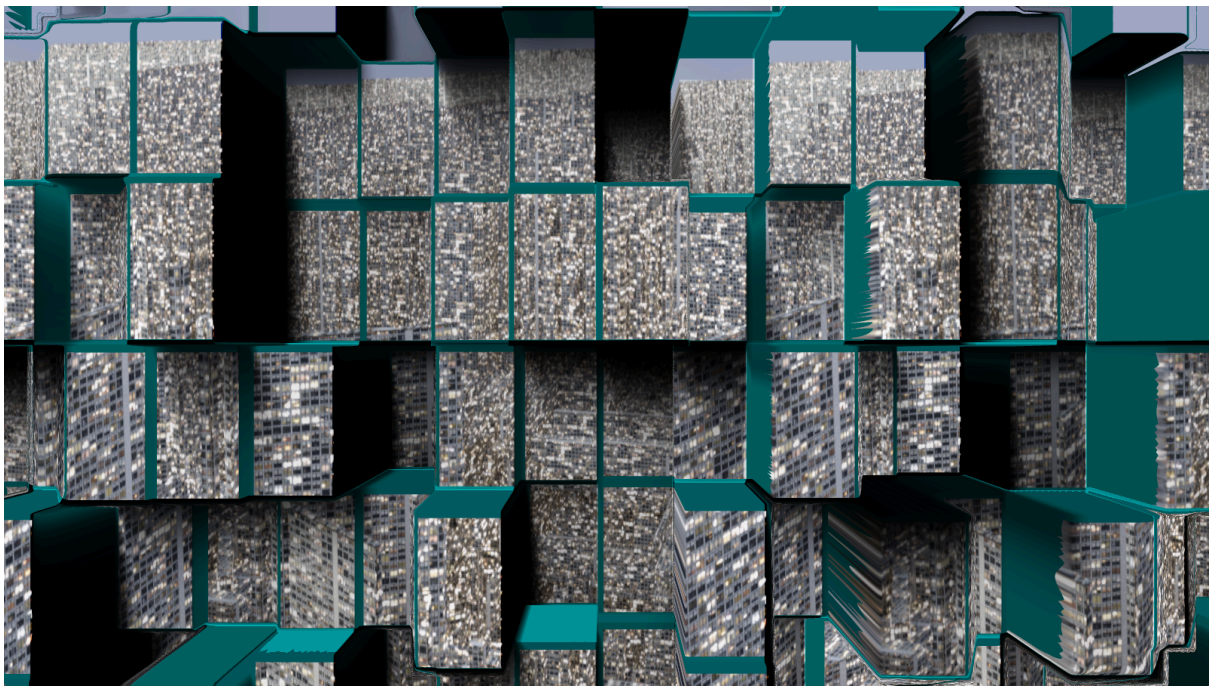


The violence and horror which is done to linguistic systems forces signifiers to confess their signified devils. David Mack's "Kabuki" series is one of these theatrical inquisitions of semiosis. The sign

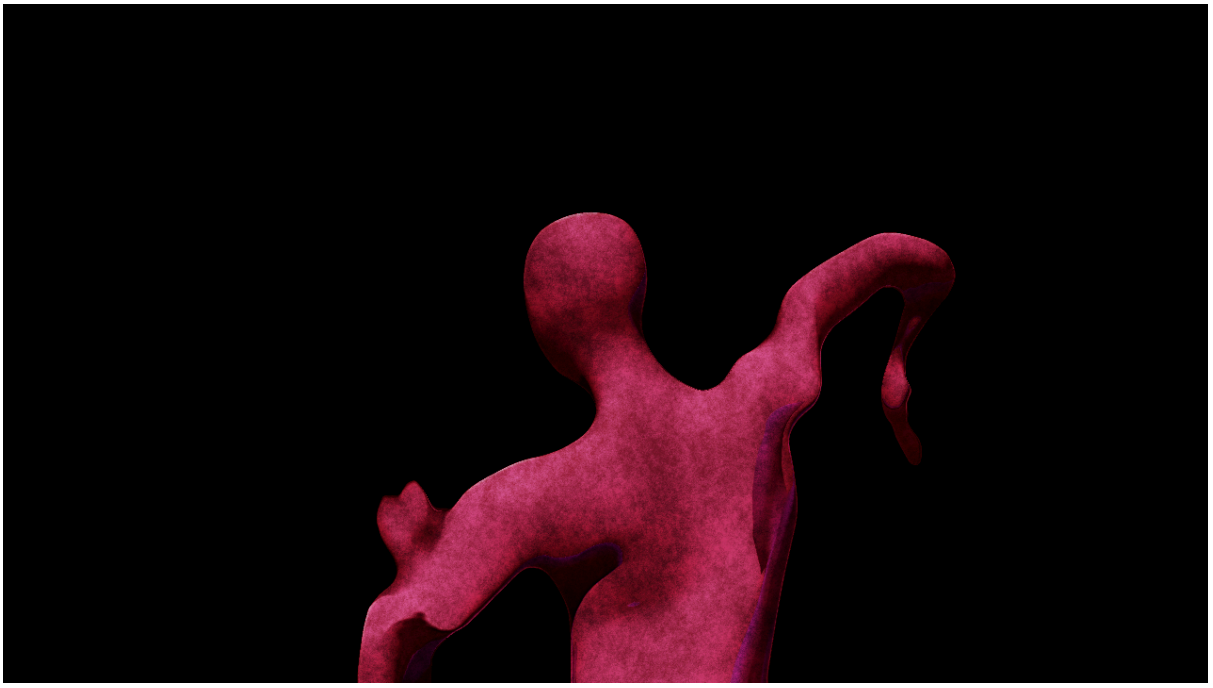
systems broken upon the wheel and given the salvation of Shakespeare's "Sans Everything".

The universe needs to be an open compartment of an infinite multiverse in order for this process to continue. The question of an

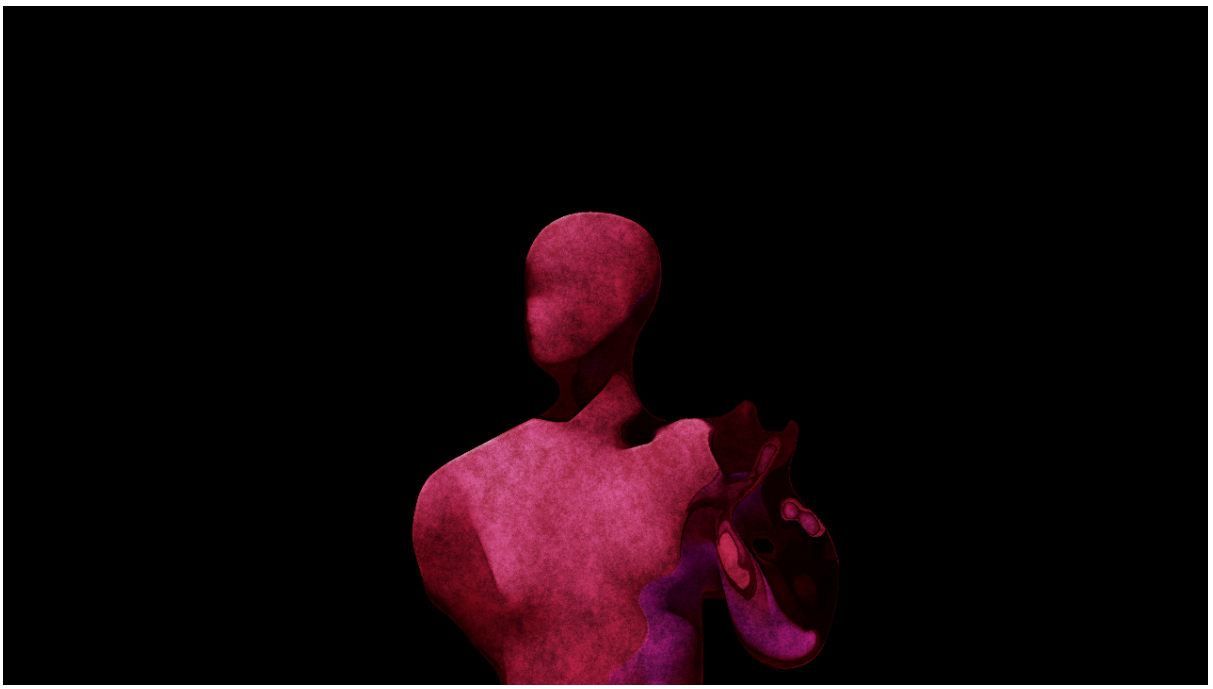
infinite multiverse versus a universe as a closed system is crucial. An infinite multiverse puts entropy and negentropy on an equal footing while a closed system universe will always ensure the triumph of entropy.

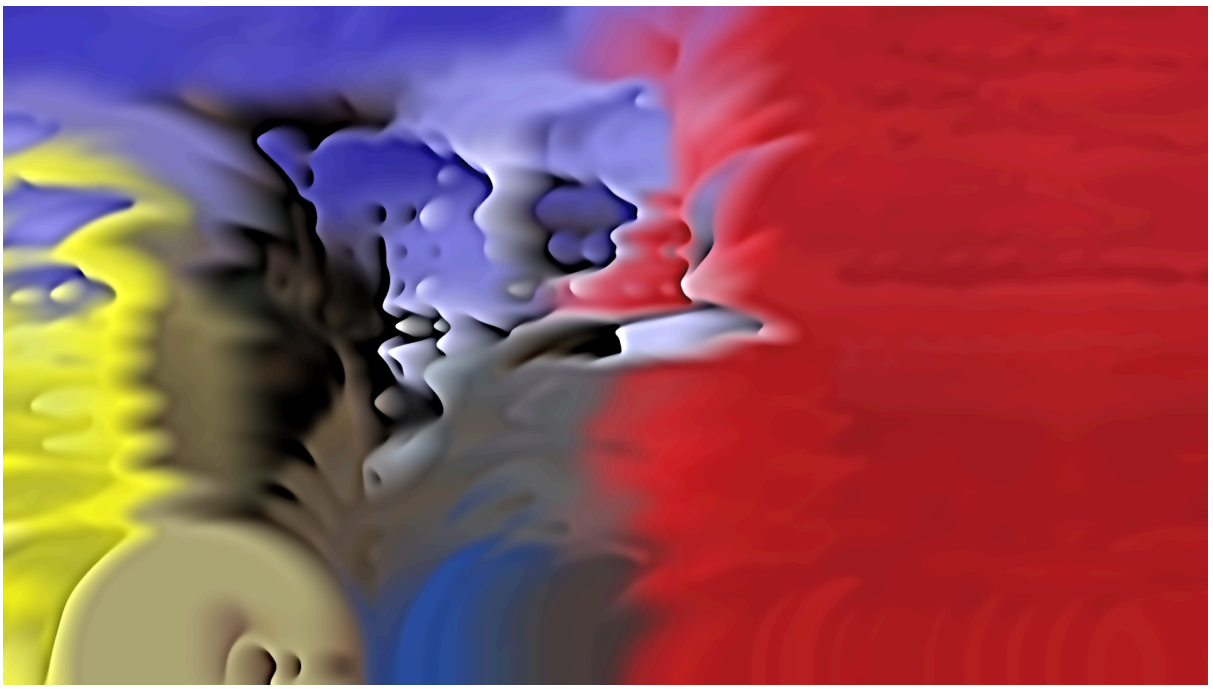


Edward C. McIrvine & Myron Tribus, in their article "Energy and Information" for Scientific American magazine have stated that "The flow of energy in human societies is regulated by the tiny fraction of the energy that is used for the flow of information".

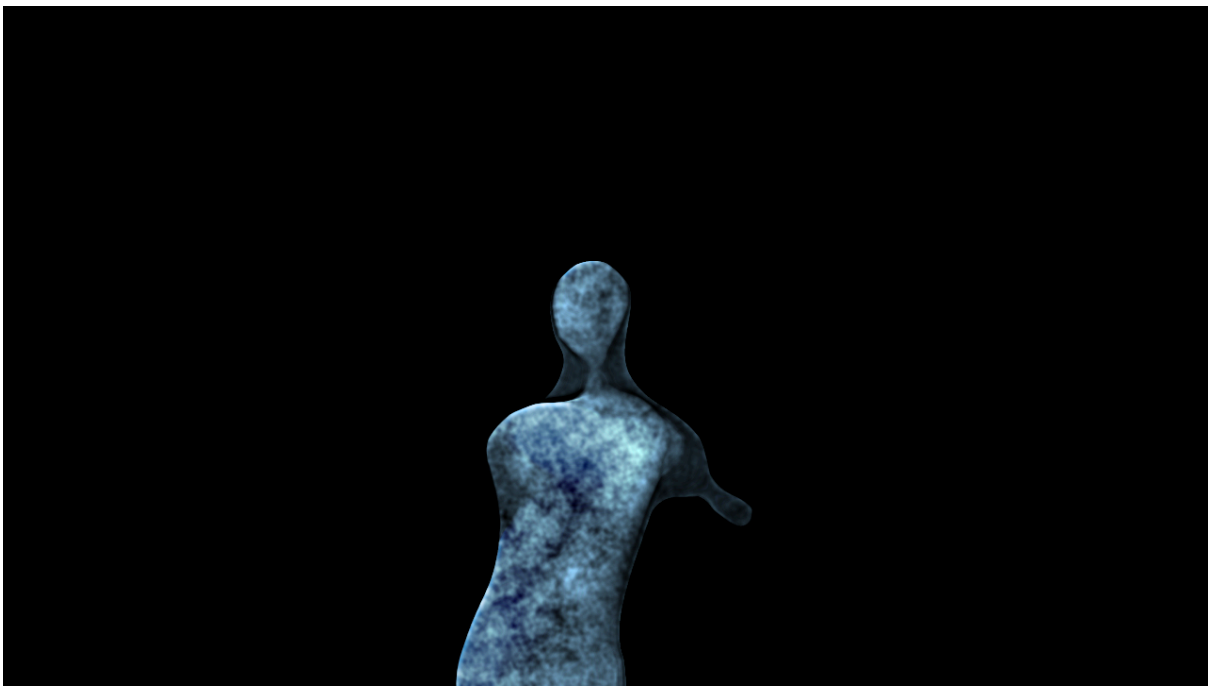


Multi-universal theatres of cruelty are at work torturing the language of our desires within the multiversal common spaces of social affirmation and validation.

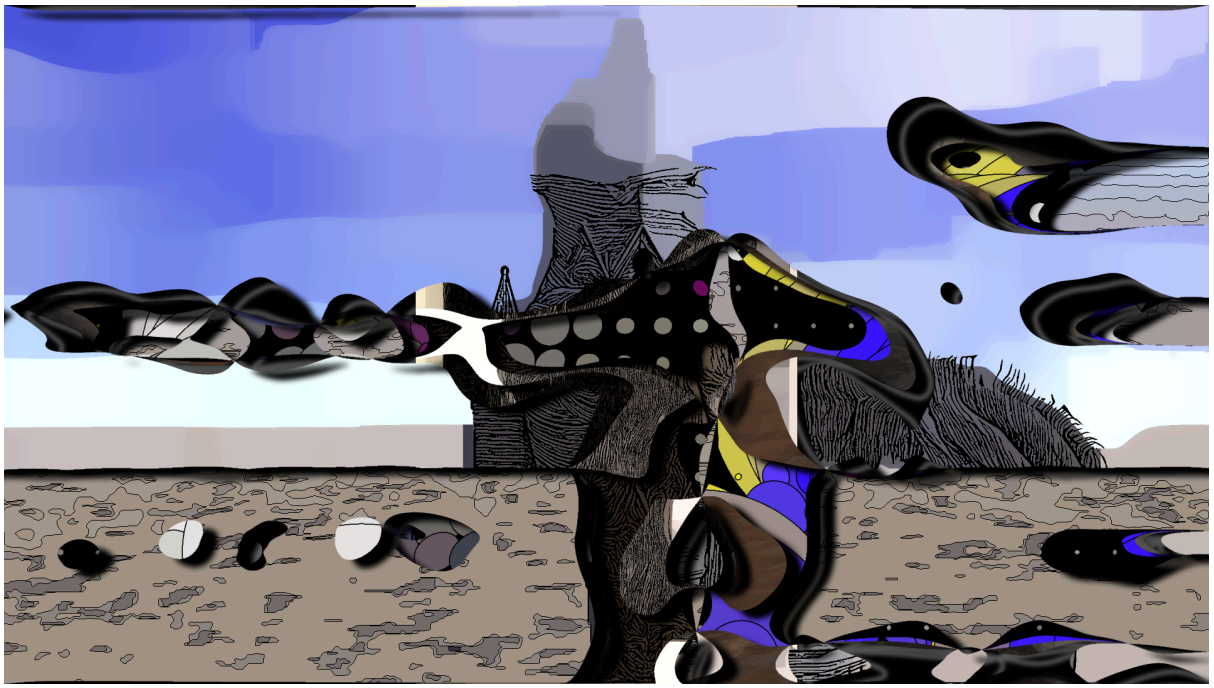




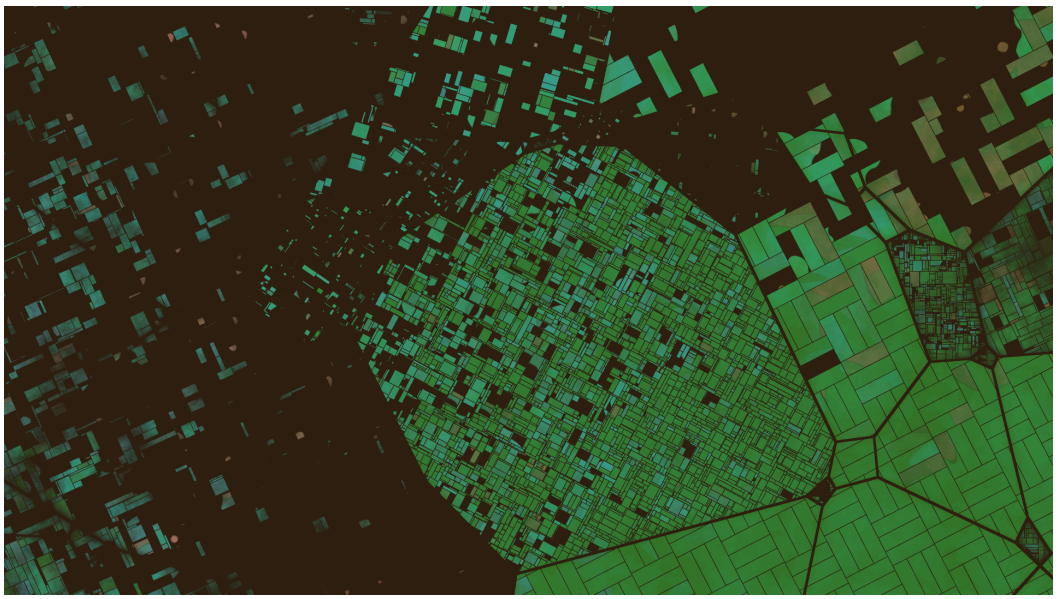
Just as neighbourhood gossips form a herd of bleating sheep repeating the bleating of that which they have "heard", so the respectable encyclopaedic world of knowledge is confirmed by citing reliable, well-respected sources.

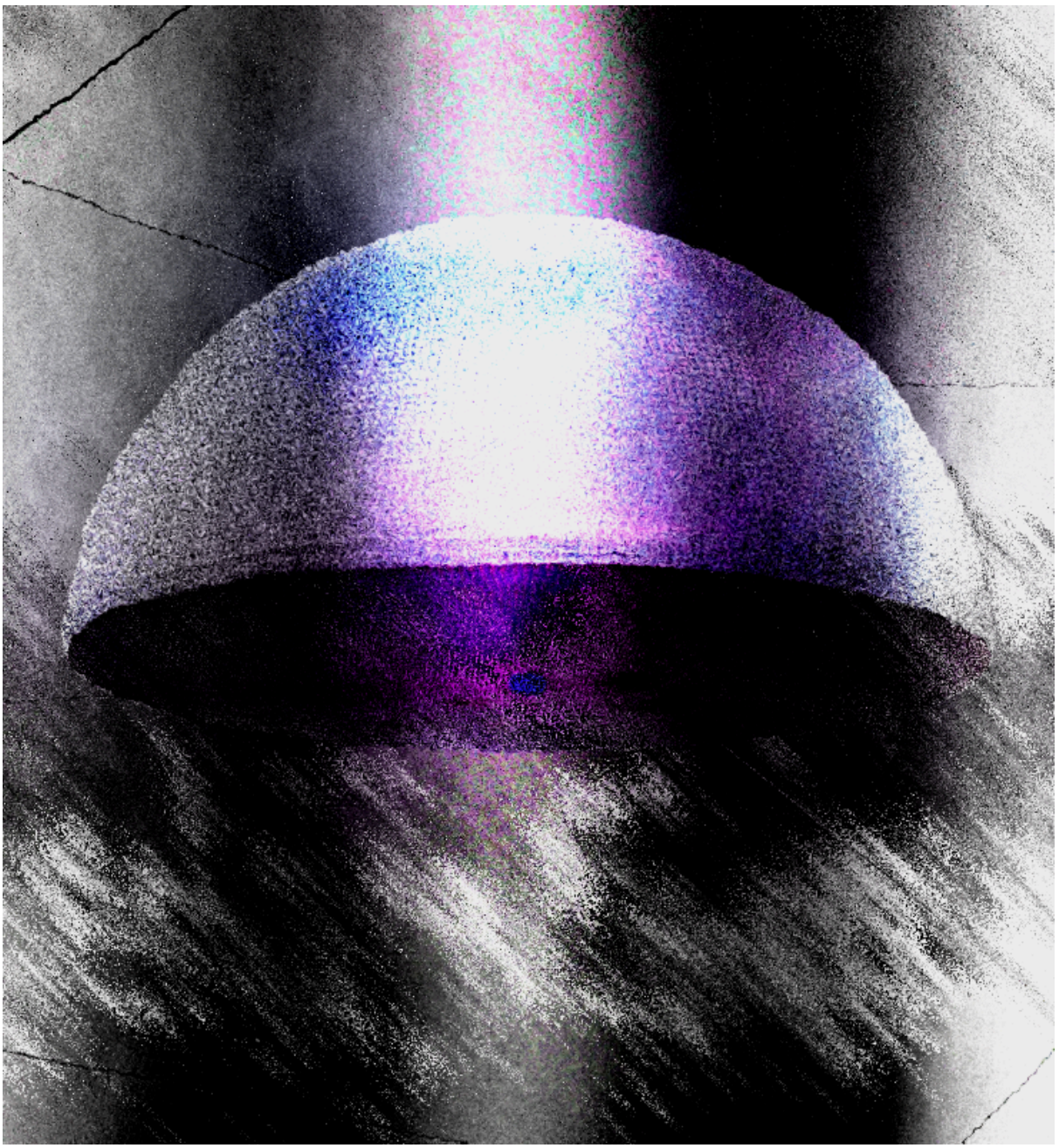


The world of reliability and respect is a self congratulating world in which the flow of information (both factual and non-factual) endeavours to construct credibility from chaos.

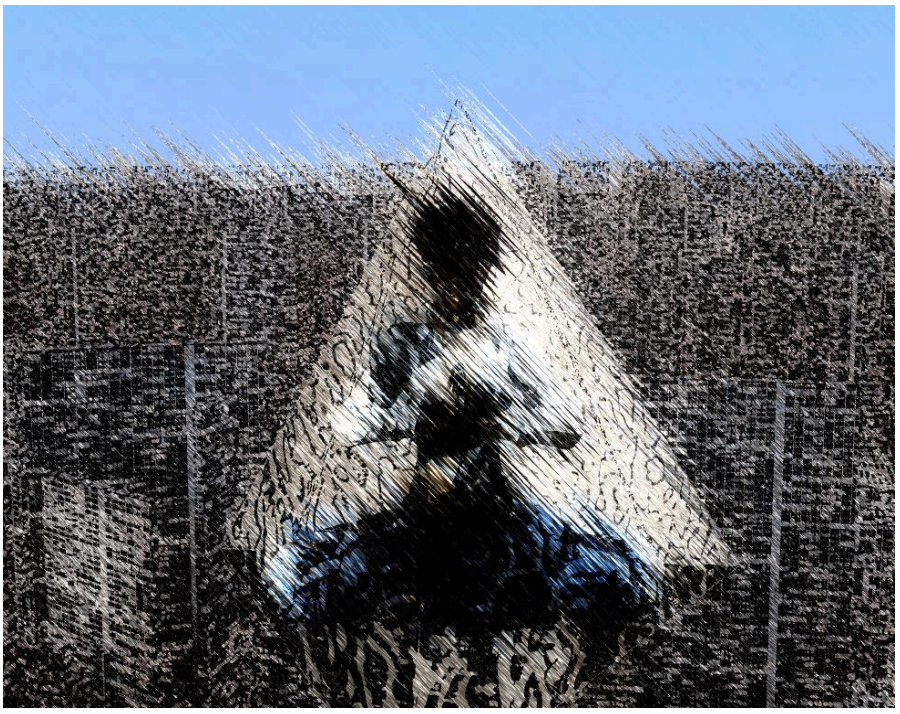


The Gaussian distribution of I.Q. in the social environment stretches language usage across the curve of energy usage creating functional artifacts of myth.

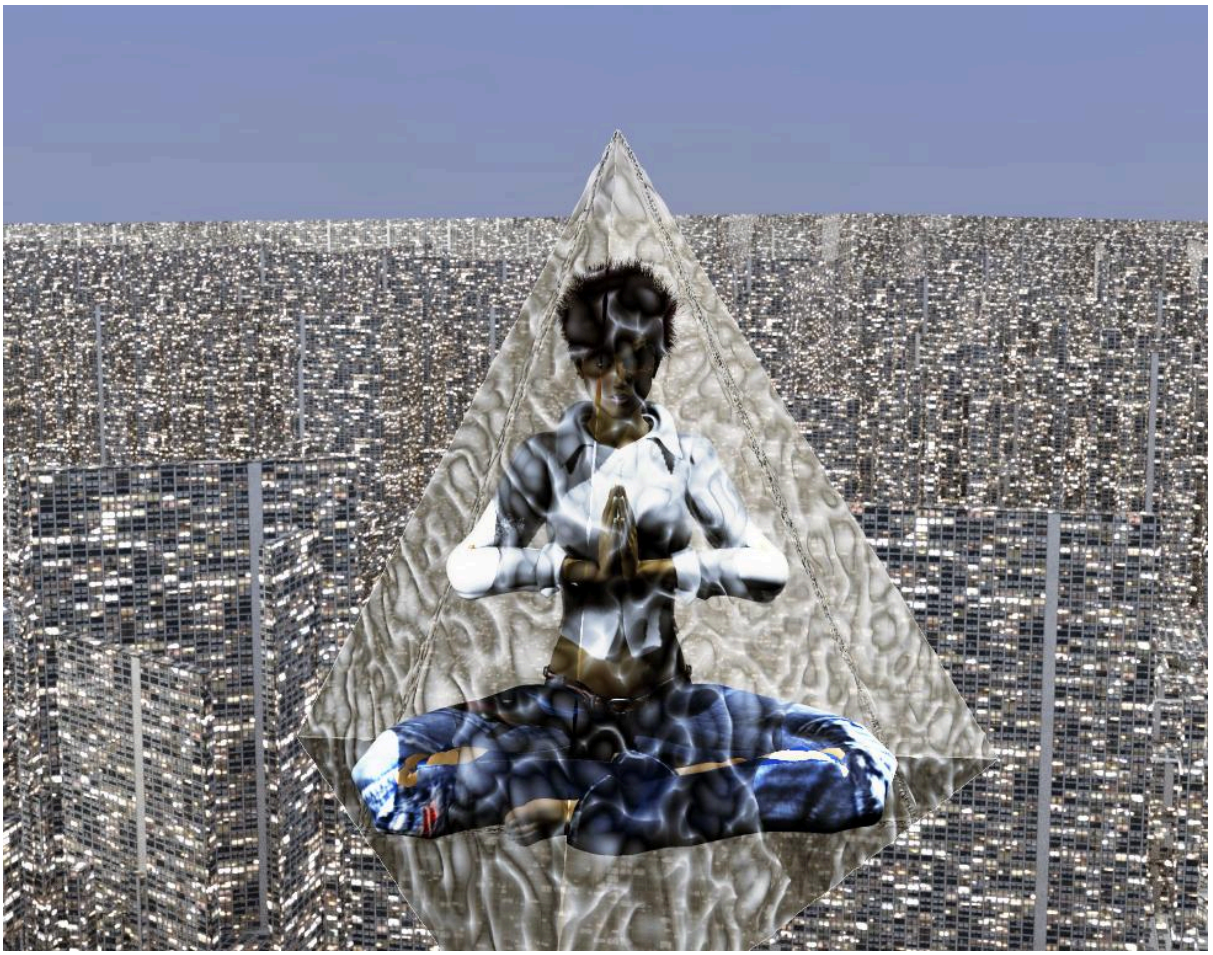




Workplace usage of metonymy reduces every designation to generalisations of "What's the difference?" said in the sense of "Who cares?" while, at the other end of the pantomime horse, nitpicking court procedure demands stylised correctness of ritual performance.



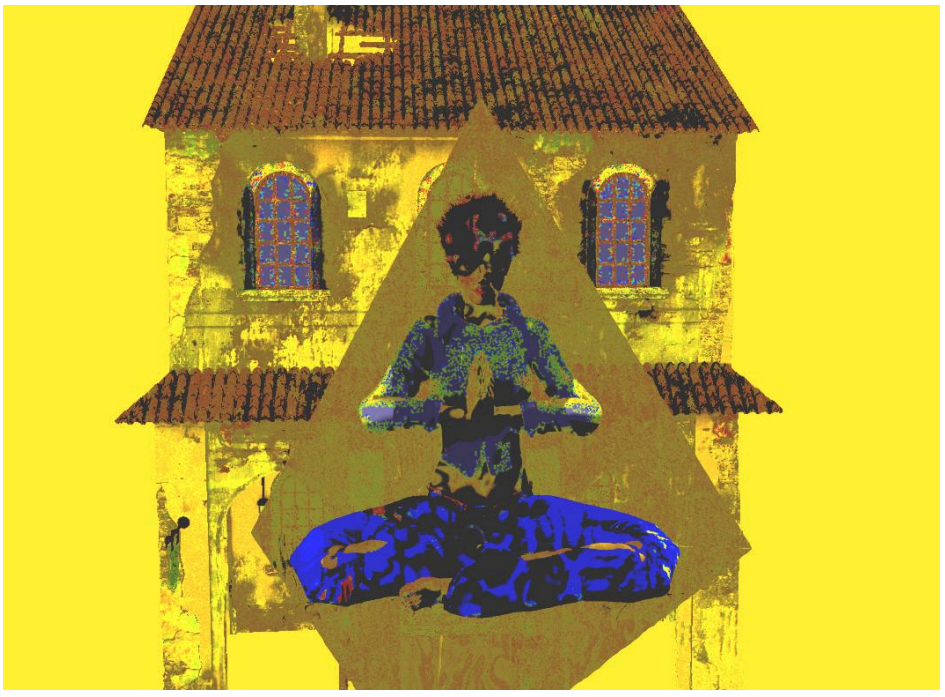
Aegypt doesn't mean Egypt. John Crowley and Mark Z. Danielewski introduce us to various studies of The Houses of Danu or the DNA of the Home Space.



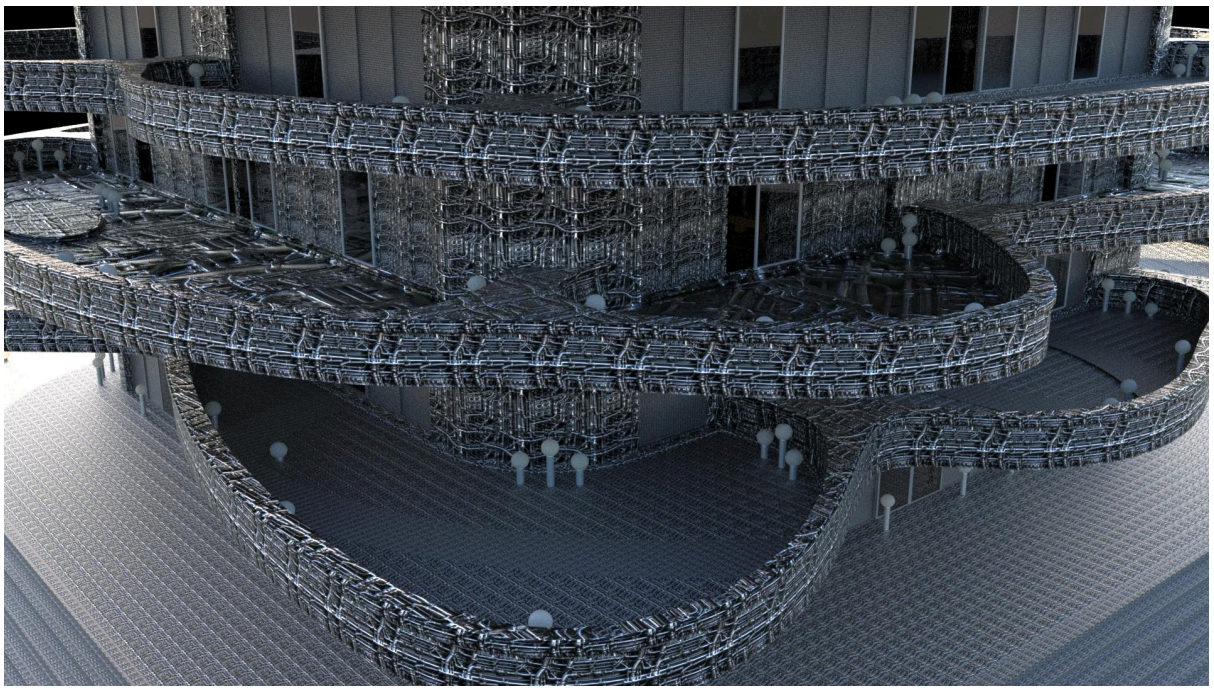
We are walking on the moon of the urban, suburban and exurban craters. As we wander through the ruins of the planning departments' dreams with Guy Debord our absent and unhelpful guide, and language constructions like flâneur and dérive to give us some basic clue, we explore the space in the hope of recovering the meaning of our distorted sombnambulations.

Eventually London became the vast sprawling megacity predicted in the comics.

By the middle of the 22nd Century London stretched from Southampton to Northampton and from Dover to Salisbury. London became the hideous techno-Babylon it had always been trying for.

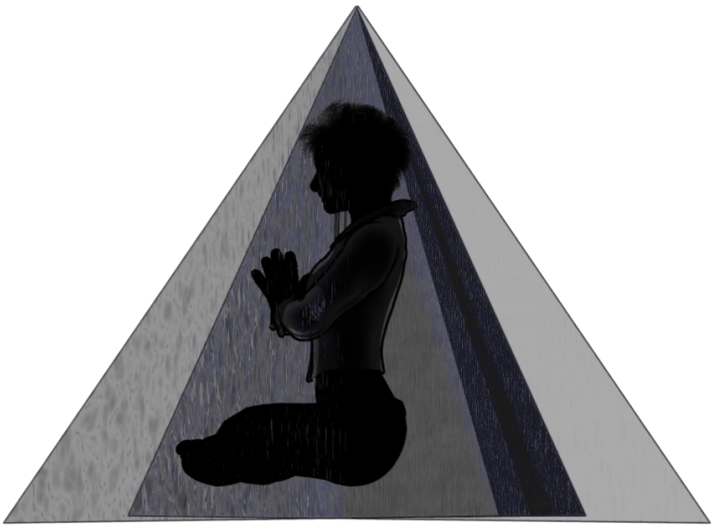


I have a grudge against London. When I was 12 (in 1965) London expanded its borders to include large areas of the surrounding counties which were then designated as "Greater London".

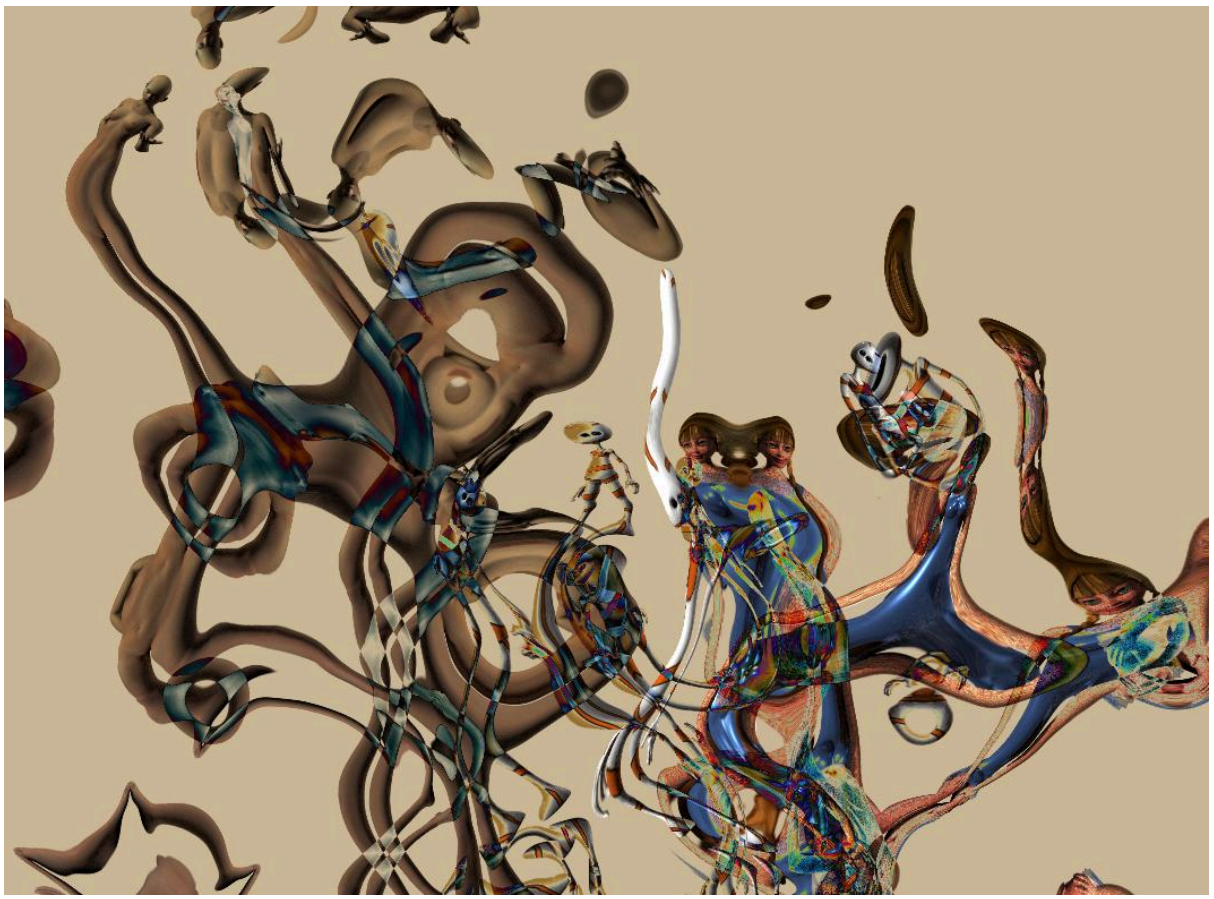


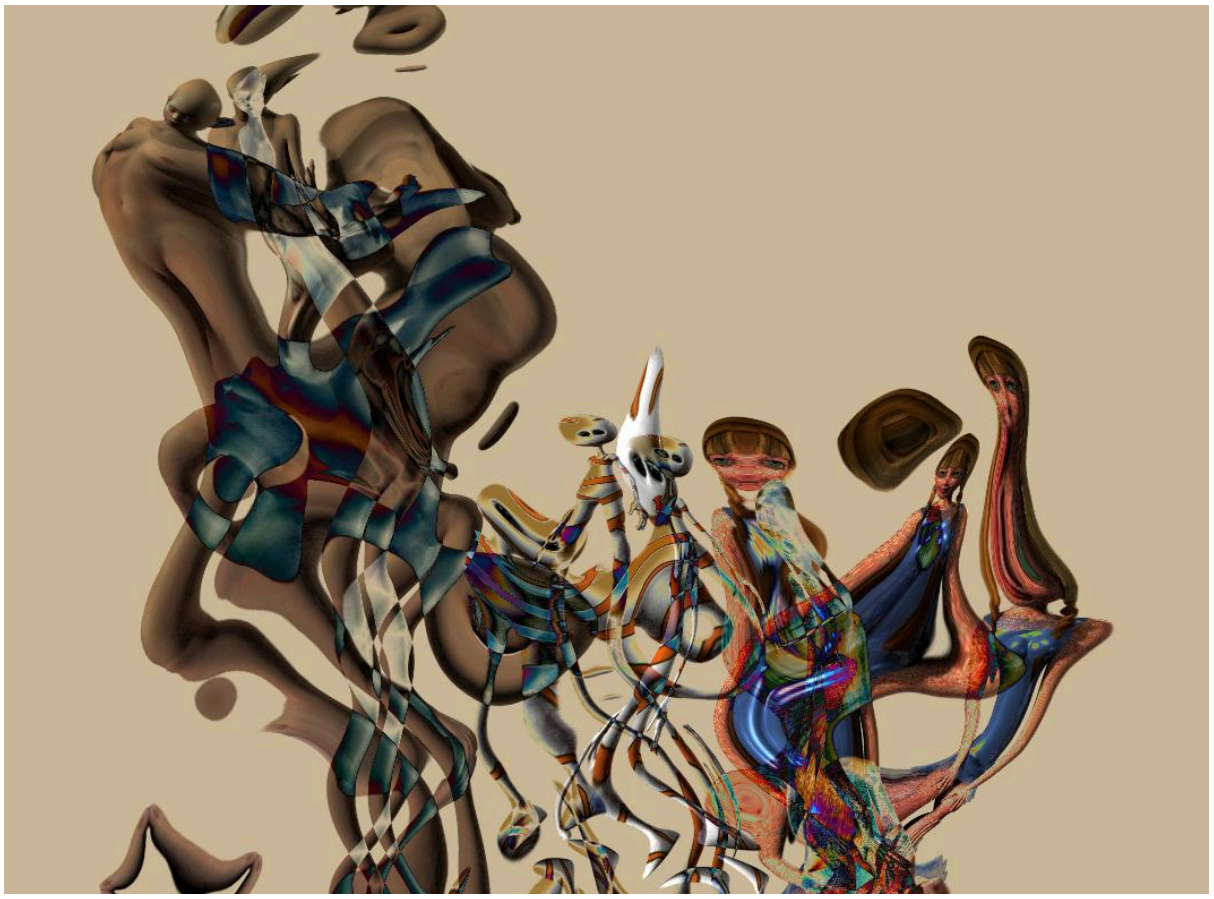
Belmont, the little village once known as "Little Hell" and then subsequently as "California Station" - only to end up as the arbitrarily chosen name of "Belmont", was perched right on the outer edge of that huge London land grab.

We still had a Surrey postal address but were also now somehow a suburban and exurban bit of "London".



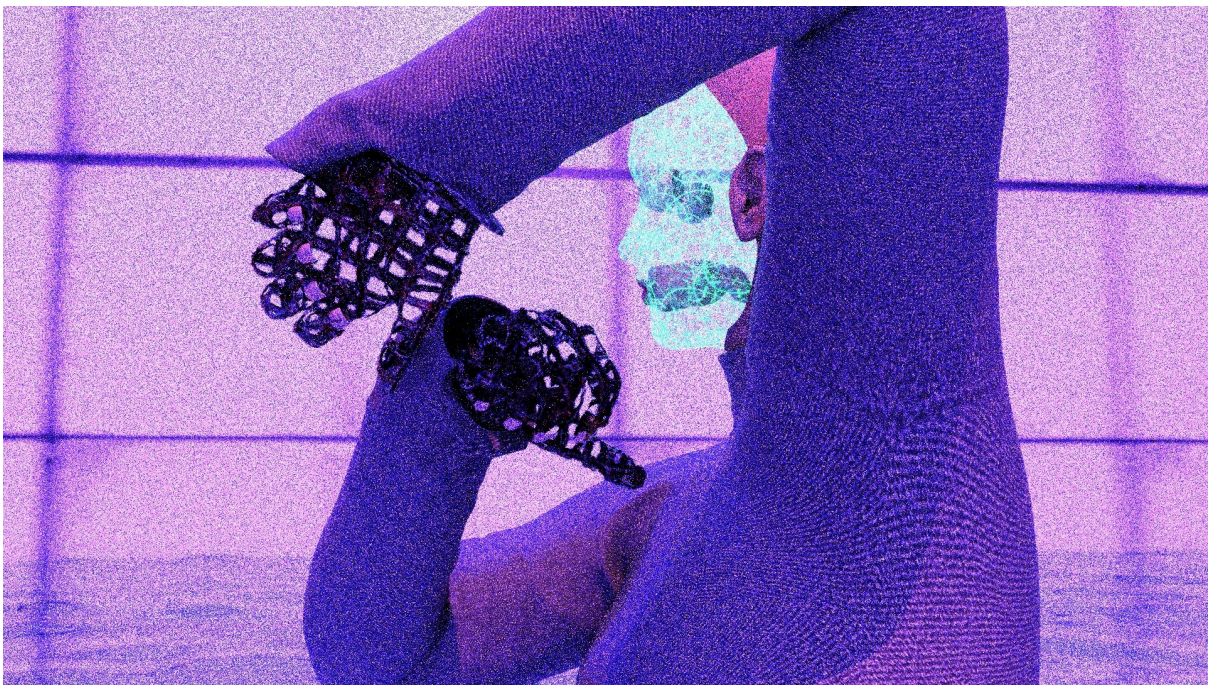
When London annexed these areas of Surrey, Kent, Essex and the other nearby counties they didn't just grab pieces of land. They also grabbed a lot of valuable resources. The amount of copper metal alone, from the coppers in which counsel tenants boiled their clothing, was huge. The machine of the city needs to eat. The lion of the city lays down with the lamb of the village and we realise that we are lunch.



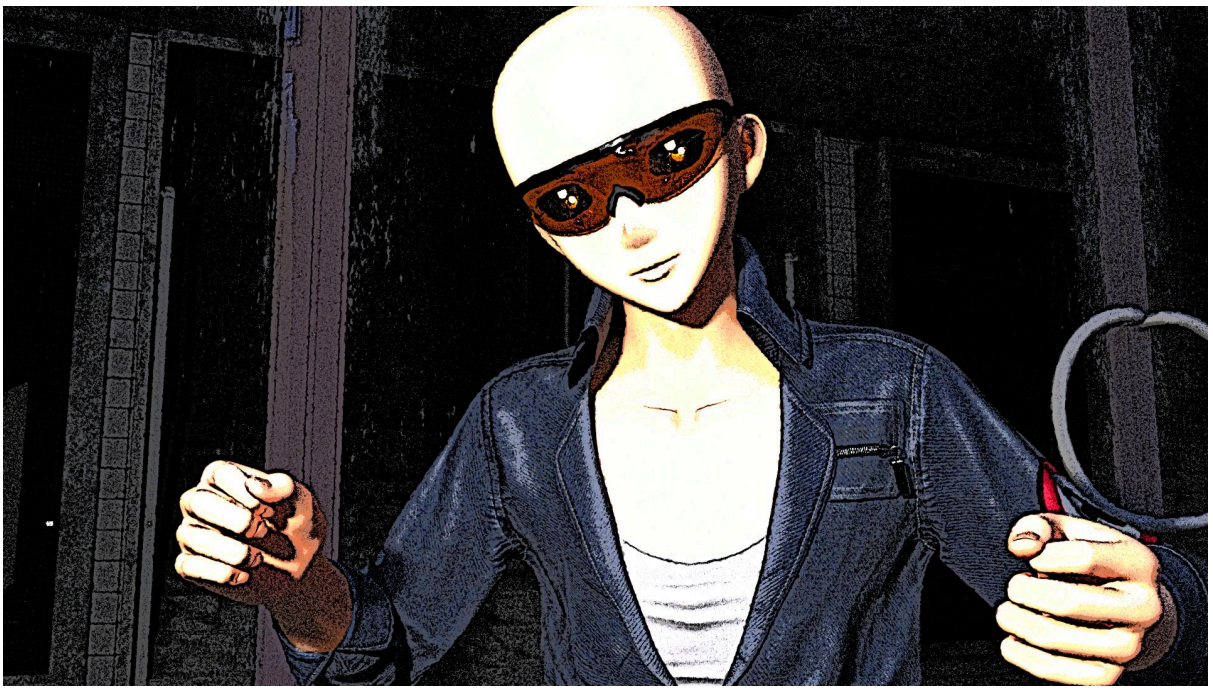


They demolished the street where I was born and moved us to a new house even nearer to actual pre-expansion London. They turned our street into a wasteland of demolished houses all around us. My dad had worked on his gardens and flower beds for about 18 years and then it was all taken away from him while he was in hospital having an operation. He didn't survive.

Our sense of identity was destroyed. The street demolished. My dad was dead. We were living in a different place and the twin Cities of London and Westminster, which had always loomed imperiously to the north of us, now surrounded us. We were in the mouth of that monster.

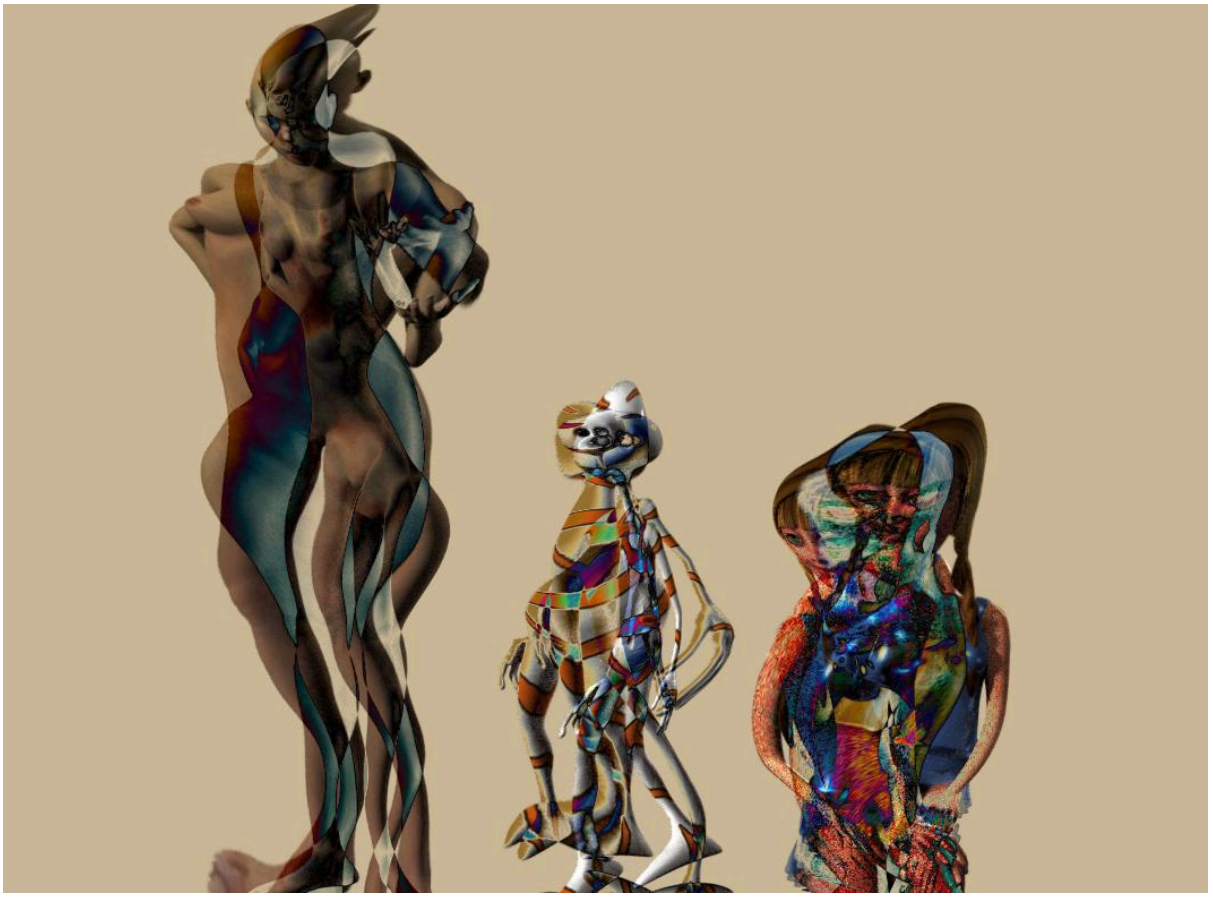


You might say that all these concerns are nonsense in any objective logical way but there was a huge subjective feeling of a disaster, a catastrophe, difficult for me in those days, at that young age, to put into words.

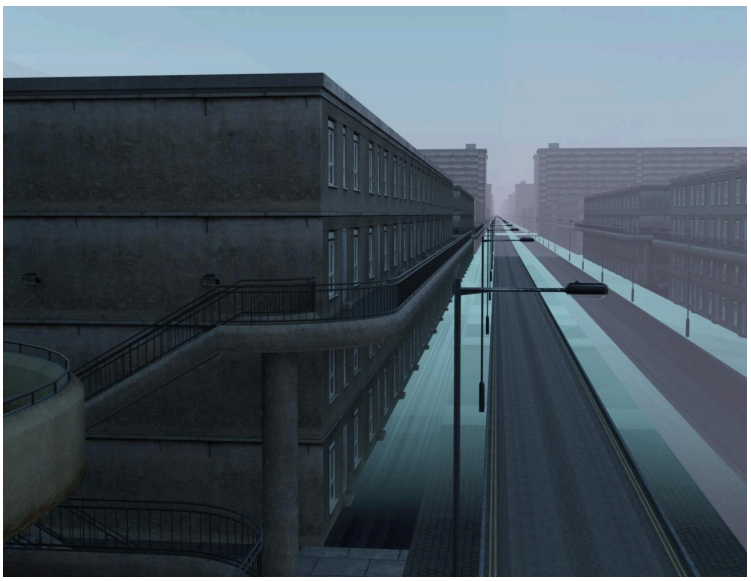


During the year when all of these events took place I had also left school and started work in a full time job in Fleet Street, Central London and spent a considerable part of each week of my life on trains commuting into London and back again. Neil Armstrong walked on the moon and the Beatles broke up. The sixties ended and the new decade began.

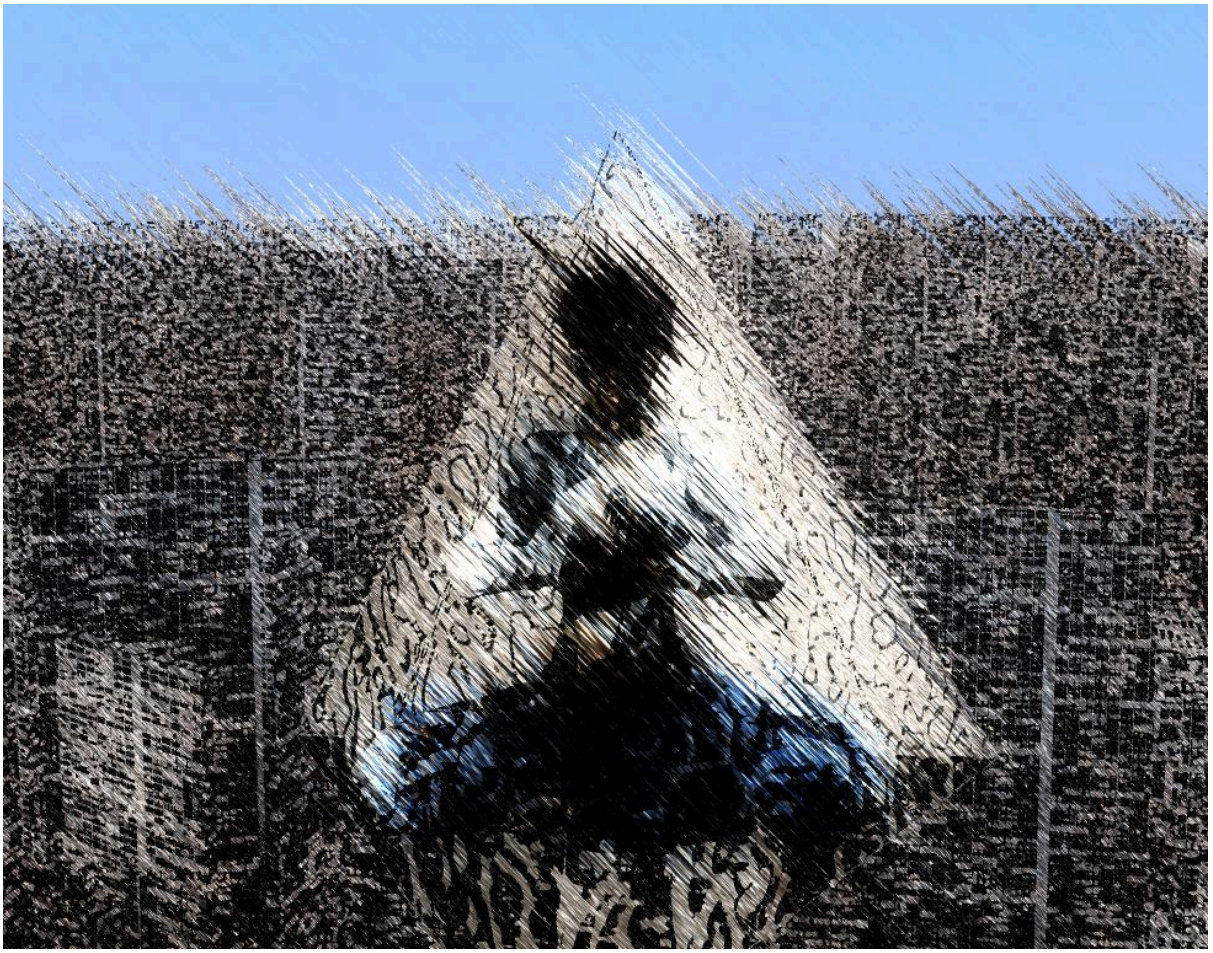
Decades later I am still trying to process the grief. A world had ended.



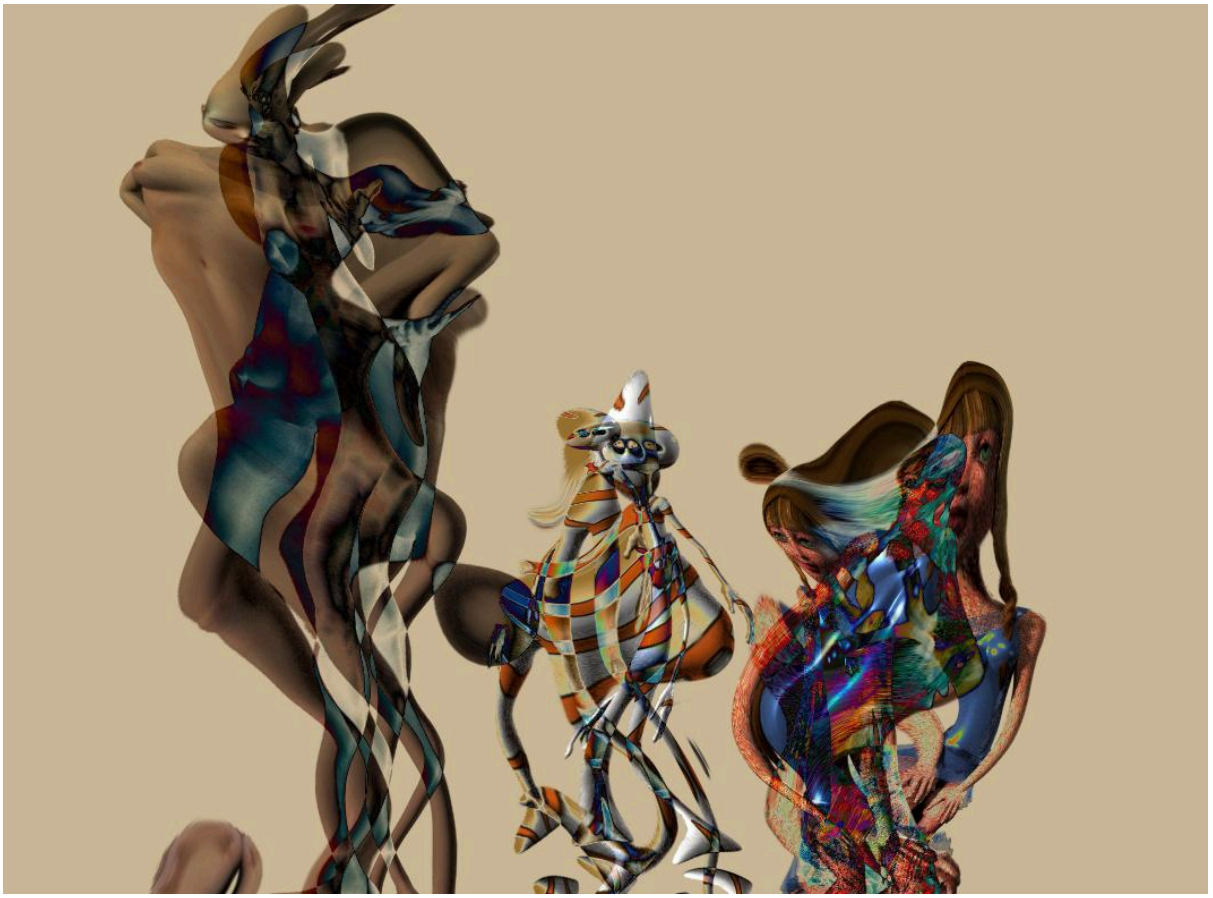
Out there on the furthest edges of the galaxy is the European city street, the British city street, the American or Australian city street or wherever.



People making cutups of their perceptions of each other. The Social, the Anti-Social and the Unsociable. Once again here is that old triangle structure.



The Social and the Unsociable are both kindly and meaning no harm. The Social and the Anti-Social are both engaged in communication with other people but one is positive and the other is negative. The Anti-Social and the Unsociable have nothing in common with each other.



So we are looking at the same type of triangle as in the psychology of the centres in an individual person but this triangle maps out how the individuals behave toward each other.

Across the vast light years of misunderstanding the urban human animal sniffs the butt of culture and then urinates into the ongoing stream of populism.

The human body is mostly water and the human mind is mostly symbolism. The two are united by the symbolic water element.

The fifth element is the space which surrounds everything we do.

The Three Doshas of Ayurvedic therapy can be signified through three symbolic scenes of water in space:

Water in Space of the Earth. Kapha.

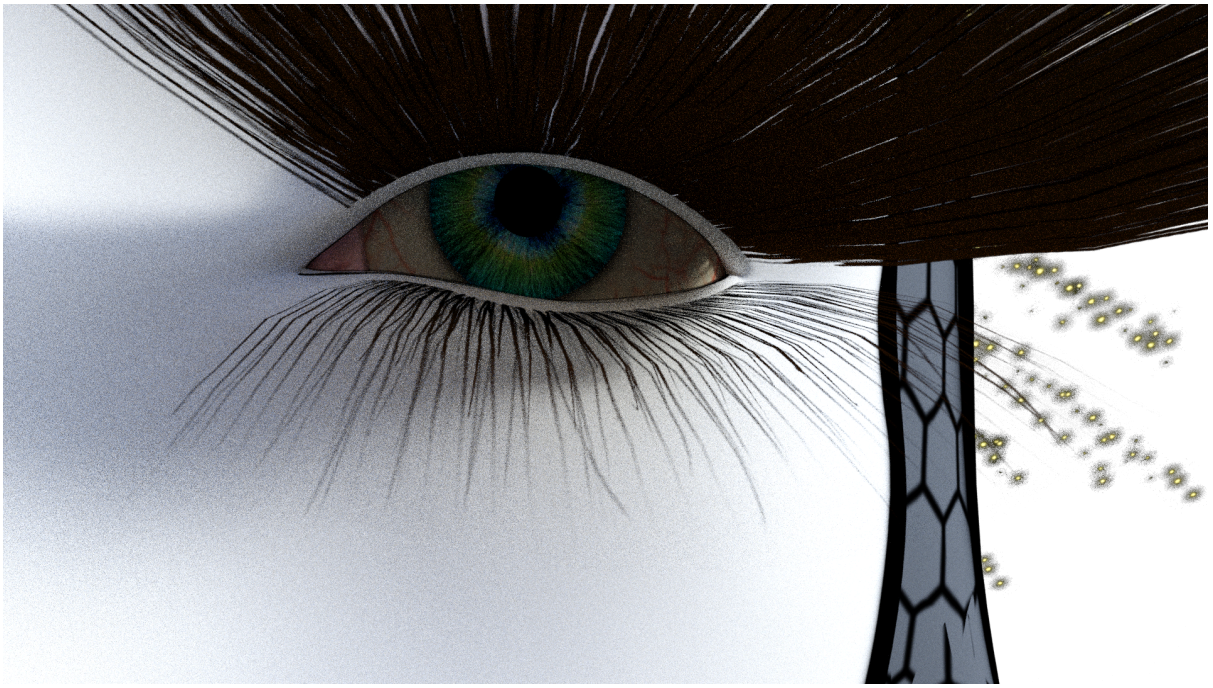
Water in Space of Fire. Pitta.

Water in Space of Air. Vata.

Water in Space of Earth is an endless Riverun of FLOW.

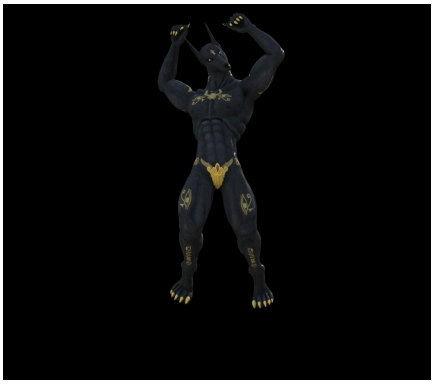
Water in Space of Fire is a deconstruction into Hydrogen and Oxygen.

Water in Space of Air is a cloud mind sans very nearly everything.



These are all micromachines making the world within and without.

The heart of Francis Bacon survives in the form of perpetual re-encoding of cyphers of cyphers of cyphers in the mythological landscape.



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